

of me by Prof. Gray.

It seems, by a letter from Mr. Beck of Albany, that I have changed upon *Hyssopus Blandus* - a moss not before found in the U.S. I have not looked at the number of specimens retained, to see what it is. & whether I have much or little of it. Do you like mosses? & is there anything I can do for you in that way?

I have just returned from St. Lawrence Island. The little beast which I did not find in flower, nor in seed here - which I fancied to be *Ran*^s - reptans, & which you thought to be an *exogon* - has not raised his miserable little head yet, if he has one. But I found, in flower, growing in the water, what I suppose to be the big *Eleocharis* which I have not, hitherto, been able to collect in fruit. It occurred to me

Buffalo, June 21, 1865.

Yours truly,
J. D. Gray

Last season, from the summer to the close, I found that, with a long, hard walk, my left foot was very painful. In the Spring it was much worse. I found it led to a limp. Finally I investigated it. I found that the joint, at the metatarsus, was enlarged, that the toe itself was drawn outward & under the rest. A physician told me that the abductor muscle or muscles had overpowered the extensors or extensors, & that there had been absorption on the inner & deposition on the outer side of the joint. He hinted that cutting the abductor or the tendons, & taking a piece out of

the joint, with proper subsequent
treatment, might be effected. It
occurred to me, things being as
he described them, that if I
could raise the big toe, & draw
it inward, & so let down the
rest too, there might be enough
of the vis medicatrix Naturae
left in me to work relief, if not
restoration. So I took a piece of
Newspaper & doubled it many times
so as to make a pad about
3 inches long, 1 inch wide, &
firm $\frac{3}{4}$ in thick - and I put
it under the ball of the ^{big toe}, ~~between~~
that & the rest, & let the ^{rest}
rest on the top of the rest. The
sick kept the pad in place, &
I thereafter have marched
off like a Major. My good wife
makes me neat pads of cotton cloth
stuffed with batting. God is thank
God! I am now able to walk as

well & as far as I could three
years ago.

As to Scipius Cicutin's, he is, I
am pretty confident, a quack, & I think
it will be magnanimous in me
- or rather that the world, ~~at~~ whose
admiration & applause we are bound
to exert, ~~may~~ think it so - to go
at & denude him. So I'll leave
at him, & find intermediates.

Alas! "I never loved a tree or
flower," &c. (Poor Tommy Moore!)
Nothing named for me could
survive, & I knew it. There
was Beck's Ran's Cicutin! You
& Tony ruthlessly killed it. The
Poor Lucy Cicutin was still born
- or rather, died in embryo - but
now, I know it, that villainous
little Scipius Cicutin is ~~at~~ at the
last gasp. Let him die! Who
cares? Not I, indeed! Nothing can
deprive me of that kindly notice

that you might like to see it
no flower, & so I'll send it.
I am confident it is the fellow,
although I had none before,
~~I think~~. Observed it, except at
another station 2 miles further
off.

Excuse all this nonsense,
& believe me

Ever cordially yours,

W. Whitman.

Prof. A. S. Gray.